NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MISS CHESEBRO'S PETER CARRADINE.

PETER CARRADINE: On THE MARTINEALE FASTORAL By CAROLINE CHREENE'. 12mo. pp. 889. Sneldon & Co. Miss Chesebro' has attained a conspicuous rank among the female novelists of this country by ber subtle delineations of human passion, her scute analyses of character, the originality of her psychological combinations, and the vigor and expressiveness of her style. Her chief productions heretefore alous developments of life, though never losing the a Soldier of the Revolution, by CHARLES J. BUSHNELL, but plots; and thus gain such an air of vitality, as to feding memorials of a veteran patrict. entice the reader into the illusion that he is porusing a biography instead of a romance. In the present story, Miss Chesebro' has adopted a more simple method, has cherished apparently a less amof monotony and meagerness too closely for the majerity of tastes, Peter Carradine is a novel of gennine power, profound in its conceptions of chare ter, sending deep glances into the interior of the ty Fowler & Wells. It considers the duties of man, in Leart, evincing a noble sincerity of purpose, his individual domestic, and social capacities, founding and clothed in the terse, idiematic, vigorous the doctrines of ethics on the principles of phrenology diction of which the writer always shows In treating the subject, abstract and speculative ques a rare command. The theme of the story may be tiens have been, as far as possible, avoided, and the dis described as the influence of woman in common cassion confined to topics of general and practical in life .- of women not as an angel of impossible perfection, but as invested with the patural feminine graces of sympathy, tenderness, and instinctive wisdom, combined with high moral courage, and efficient energy,-of woman, "not too bright and Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune good for human nature's daily food," but " a being breathing thoughtful breath," as she ministers, with we become familiar with each of them, and the impression left upon the mind is a full, complete, well-rounded image, as of an intimate acquaintance.

The plot is composed of three histories, which almost a composed of three histories are composed of three histories, which almost a composed of three histories are composed of three histories, which almost a composed of three histories are composed of three histories, and the country are composed of three histories are composed of three histories, and the country are composed of three histories are co The plot is composed of three histories, which although in fact separate, are perhaps sufficiently interwoven with each other for the idyllic character of the story. A more lively artistic ambition might have blended the course of events in each in ingentious complications; but their connection is precisely such as often exists in actual life, where true and vital interests of different persons come into superficial contact with each other, without melting into ficial contact with each other, without melting into the cohesion of dramatic unity. In point of expression, Miss Chesebro' seldom fails to evince consummate tact and skill. Her resources of language are remarkable, and always under her control. Her diction, indeed, would not always gratify the stickler for precision and immaculate verbal purity, but it has a perpetual charm in its raciness and force. The provincialisms which naturally fall from the lips of her interlocutors give a certain Doric sweetness to her narrative, and are in excellent keeping with its pastoral simplicity. Some of the expressions, however, in which they indulge, are certainly not common in any quarter of this coffitry, and it may be doubted, whether they are in use anywhere. ficial contact with each other, without melting into

CHRESTOMATHIE FRANCAISE. A French Reading Book. By William F. Krape, A. M. 12mo. pp. 480. Harper & Brothers.

The intention is announced by the publishers of this volume to bring out a series of text-books for the study of the leading modern languages, of a charac ter to meet the demands of this branch of education in cur public seminaries of learning. The present work, h is issued as the first of the series, contains a miscellaneous selection from eminent French writers, including fable, history, poetry, memoirs, epistolary cor respondence, dialogue, and oratory, in suitable proportions for the convenient use of the student. In addition to this, a second part presents some of the masterpieces of French literature, from Molière, Racine, Boilean, and Voltaire. A few brief explanatory notes are added giving a translation of the more difficult idioms. and occasional references are indicated to the French Grammar by the compiler of the volume. A series of biographical notices and a pronouncing vocabulary complete the work, which by the evident fidelity of its execution is commended to the notice of teachers.

DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN; CR. ENLIGIOUS

A selection of devotional extracts for every teenth century, or during that period, and comprise the Mehard Baxter, Flavel, Leighton, and others of kindred sharacter. With such Mehard Baxter, Flavel, Leighton, and others of kindred sharacter. With such Mehard Baxter, Flavel, Leighton, and others of kindred sharacter. character. With such high authorities in devotional iterature, the contents of this volume may be presumed a gioriene viatory, wormy of the rejoicing which will great to possess unquestionable credience, and to be well it. to possess unquestionable excellence, and to be well it started to the uses contemplated by the compiler.

to perile, its achievements, and its honors. It contains a series of biographical sketches of the principal officers If that army, presenting an account of their career in when ca

Few of the publications that have been suggested by the progress of the war contain more valuable information. or will be read with greater interest, than this excellent

An interesting historical memoir entitled bare betrayed a tendency to the weird and anom- A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Levi Hanford, stamp of earnestness and natural feeling. The sit- been issued from the press for private circulation. It is nations in which her characters have been placed devoted to the memory of a gallant revolutionary solare often strange and exceptional, illustrating a cier, who was called to endure a more than usual share spiritual experience that was founded in the im. of the hardships and privations incident to the troubled agination of the writer, rather than in any perceptions in which he lived. He was among the prisoners agination of the writer, rather than in any percep-tions of reality. Still, she possesses a singular his account of the sufferings which he experienced in power of construction; the personages of her story are always models of dramatic consistency; their of Mr. Bushnell's memoir. After a useful and exemplary identity is admirably preserved; they never cease life, Mr. Hanford died in 1854, at the advanced age of to be true to themselves; they stand out with rare ninety-six. The author of this monograph has performed a valuable service in giving a permanent form to the

Professor Colowin Smith's admirable lecture before the Marchester Athencum, on the question, Does the Bible sanction Slavery," has been republished eimple method, has cherished apparently a less am-bitions purpose, has used less imposing materials. It presents a profound and exhaustive discussion of the than in the composition of her previous works. It presents a prepalar style, and is well adapted to the demands of public opinion in this country. Professor though, perhaps, not quite so brilliant. With all Goldwin Smith is one of the few Englishmen who have its simplicity of plot and construction, which are taken an impartial and intelligent view of the purposes wholly free from high-spiced stimulants, consisting of the slaveholders' rebellion, and has always been found of the very homeliest details of every-lay country on the side of justice and freedom against human op life, berrowing fewattractions even from legitimate pression and bondage. His words come to as across the creament, and indeed often approaching the borders occan with the authority of a wise thinker, and decervedly claim a friendly reception.

> A new edition of GRONGE COMBE'S Moral Phi esophy, with the author's latest corrections, is published terest.

PROM OHIO.

PAINESVILLE, Ohio, Oct. 16, a. o.

The people of this little county of Lake, with the benignity of a Divine Providence, to the boilest only eight towns, went to the polls on Tuesday last needs of man,—of woman, not as the object of blind with the feeling that that election was the most import worship or remantic passion, but as the natural antone since the establishment of the Government, and guardian of social life, in the sacred relations of that the question to be settled that day was the simple daughter, wife, mother, and friend. This purpose ing self-government by the people, or disunion and is followed by Miss Chesebro' with persistent fidelity, anarchy in the interest of Jeff Davis. In this town although without giving her book a didactic charac-the stores and all the business places were closed save ter. She never falls into the temptation of dull three, and their owners all went to the polls with the prosing, but enforces her lesson by dramatic pie- declared purpose of devoting one day to their country. tures. The fortunes of her men and women gain The result was that in a canvass of 727 votes, 23 only an intense interest in the progress of the plot. They were for Valladigham, and 624 were for Brough, and in by any stirring incidents of external condition, as by the unfolding of their inner life. Their individuality is set forth with transparent distinctness. have the names of every traitor in the town, save some

may be doubted, whether they are in use anywhere.

"Housen," for instance, in the singular number, for there is would reach across the water, the dominions of Queen Victoria, and settle the question of intervention there. It would reach the gentleman at the Tulleries and settle it there. It would settle it definitely in all Europe. It would reach begin Davis, who, with pale and baggard look, would note this hand writing on the wall, while like Debhazor of old, his knees smote together. It would reach to our noble soldiers in the

wal, while like Belshagar of old, his knees amote together. It would reach to our noble soldiers in the seriat," in which machine Mr. Peter Carradine includes in an occasional airing. It is to be hoped the Protean political party so called is not doomed to such base hess.

"wal, while like Belshagar of old, his knees amote together. It would reach to our noble soldiers in the gether. It would reach to our noble soldiers and strengthening their arms for the light.

There was terrible responsibility resting upon the leaders in the peace movement in the North. They had delayed the suppression of the Rebellion one year, said delayed the suppression of the Rebellion one year, said thousands of our patriotic sons, brothers and fathers. He hadded in the soldiers was a splendid effort; he passed a glowing enloy on the women of the country of the country of the soldiers was a splendid effort; he passed a glowing enloy on the women of the country of the country of the soldiers and strengthening their same terms for the light. passed a glowing enlogy on the women of the country rather sp for their unintermitting efforts to alleviate the sufferings as fight."

or their unintermitting efforts to alleviate the sufferings of our soldiers. I can convey not even a faint conception of the ercellence of this address. One must have the oraterical manner, the eloquent words inspired by the greatness of the theme, to appreciate the effort of this great and honest man, Jobe Brough. The Governor was followed by the Representative to Congress from this District, the Hon. Rufus P. Specifing. To be brief, the Judge made another elegant address. It is but due to say that I shall be wonderfully mistaken, if the clear group rich voice, with the distinct deliberate but unbestating cunnelation of language, every sentence of which has an almost elessical elegance, giving expression to the sentiments of neapacious intellect, all the characteristics of Judge P., do not make him a conspleuous member of the next House.

the next House.

I trust that you will find room in your columns to echo this imperfect account of our Jubilation of to-day.

Yours, &c., L. S. A.

How Mr. Brough Received the News of terr.

Late last Tuesday night an enthusiastic crowd of Union men started to sevenade Mr. Brough, at his tree under which the Parson had preached his sermon. residence at Cleveland. The party met him in the street and literally carried him to the Atheneum, where Expansions for Event Day is the Control of the Arthur of t

As of the year, from eminent religious writers, both or in fals campaign, or you wouldn't cheer so now. (Applicate and modern time, forms the contents of this reliance.) I was just wondering whether they wouldn't hear this on the other side of Lake Eric. (Immonst their this intended to furnish a help to the cultivation of the Christian life, such as, in the opinion of the compiler, is specially demanded by the present state of the Christian community. He is convinced that explanately waiting and watching to-night—[laughter and the Christian community. He is convinced that explanately waiting for the county which goes for Valthe Christian community. He is convinced that external excitement and setivity have taken the place, to an injurious extent, of the calm, thoughtful, and devout spirit of better days. Most of the authors, from whose writings selections ere given, lived prior to the seventeenth century, or during that period, and comprise the

Three tremendous cheers were given for the nocle purpindiclar presurples ye ever seed, even in yer ple are green enough to buy them."

ANALS OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND. By
AS OFFICER Evo. pp. 671. J. E. Lippheau & Co.
A beautiful souvenir of the army of the Cumberland is here presented by a writer who has shared in
Septile its achievements and its honors. It contains

Three tremendous energy and Mr. Brough
Volce...—"How about Pennsylvania." Mr. Brough
enewered: She goes for Curtin by 30,000 majority. Elecis only following the regular succession—Maise, Caliis only following the regular succession—Maise Seymour will be rung. [Applause.] We are oul carionally caffed upon to demonstrate our loyalty, when called on we come up to the reason. [Cheer to the reason.] that army, presenting an account of their career in the read of the reader. (Cheering, I feller detail than can be found elsewhere; a narrative of in this election you have extract a deeper and more terrible blow at the Robellion than any victory in the field. (Applaus.) You have crushed treason at home-for this place, a surgey of the leading mulitary operations; to

*DOWN IN TENNESSEE...VIII.

BY EDMUND KIRKE. Author of "Among the Pines."

There are two classes of poor Southern whites, of marked and decidedly opposite characteristics. The type of the one is of low stature, with abbreviated body. clonguted arms and legs, dull, heavy eyes, coarse, currotty bair, saffron-haed shin, and a small head, shaped like a coccanut. The other is tall, and wellformed, with a gaunt, leose-jointed frame, a rough, dark skin, wiry black hair, been, restless eyes, and an art less confiding manner, which, with a certain air of selfpossession, indicates that he knows little of the world, out feels fully able to cope with what little be does know. The first is physically and intellectually a "bad job, and it might sensibly be questioned why he was erented for he appears incapable of either mental or moral culture; but the other possesses all the "raw material" of manhood-and manhood, too, of the poblest type. Eduention, discipline, social advantages, and political from brought out, he shows bimself a Man. The first class, who are few in number, and fast melting away before the advance of a stronger race and a more robust civilization, are found principally on the Sand-bills of North Carolina, and in the mountain regions of Lower Virginia and Upper Georgie. There a little above "the brutes that perish," and a "long way lower down dan de darkies," they build their pole cabins, and glean a sorry subsistence from hunting, fishing, and a few sterile acres. The other class, who are counted by millions, and are senttered from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, are the bone and sinew of the South, the prop and foundation of Slavery, and the hope and expectation of Freedom, for on them, more than on immense armies, or garrisoned cities, will depend the safety and perpetuity of the Union. An unprincipled aristogracy has robbed them of knowledge, and moulded them to its own base uses, but whenever truth has renched them they have shown an unrelifish devotion to it, and to the Union, which we time servers and money lovers of the North know nothing of. In East Tennessee, where Parson Brownlow has been their great apostle, and The Knozeille Whig their Bible and spelling-book, they have exhibited a he-roic pairlotism which the world—and I say this with a very small smattering of history—has seldem witnessed. The deeds they have dope, the serlifices they have made, the sufferings they have endured for a Government which has closed its eves to their sorrows, and its ears to their complaints, will be read of and wondered at, when this generation shall have passed away. Their story is not yet told, but when it is told, many a cheek will mantle with shame-as mine bas-to bear of what these poor, unlettered men, women and children have done and suffored for their country, while we have been growing fat on its necessities, and looking idly on, as it seemed tottering to its rain.

From this latter class sprang Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Andrew Johnson, Parson Brownlow, President Lincoln, andsomething about in my last paper.

"How dy'ge, stranger!" turned suddenly on the old the words ont'n my mouth when the new moon ris up negro, with

Wall, old thundergust, how's ye ?"

"The well 'nuff," replied the black, giving his shoulders a petulant shrug. "Go to the Col's, Jule, and borrow a chair for the

Lieutenant," said the Captain.

The negro glanced inquiringly at the Parson, but seeing no answering look in his face, turned his head an', d'ye b'lieve it, I landed right squar on the lettle away, and, again shrugging his shoulders, replied

"Leff him gwo hisseff; Jule tends on gemmen doan't tend on no poo' white trash-he doan't." "Thei's yer Christun sperret, ye black hyppererit,

rejoined the native, laughing, and at the same time "But I thought you said the snakes had a use drawing the Captain's traveling trunk from the corner, light-wood?" I remarked, with decent gravity. more'n six inches o' sile on yer bones, so ye'll hev a right easy time gittin up ter the resummention." As the "native" took his seat I glanced at his ap-

blended with a latent mirth, that seemed ready to break out on the slightest provocation.

As he scated himself he turned to me, and in an abrupt, energetic tone, said:

weigh a hun'red an' eighty, kin whip twice my heft in a gwine by." Secesh, bars, or rattlesnakes, en'uvry inch on me ar yourn ter komand, ef ye gwoos in, body an' boots, fur the Union; an' the Capt'n reckons ye does, though he see heered on. I donn't mean tall in statur—fur they

"I had much rather," I replied, laughing; "but I recken you might do a little talking, if you tried."

"My old muther allers said I hed suthin uv a tongo-She use for 'clare for gracious it war hung in the mid- the driest spell ye uver know'd on." dle, an' hed a way av gwine at both cends; an' yet bloom stranger ?"

In New-York." Oh, yas, I's hearn or thet place. Up thar Noth,

clus ter the Nurth Pole, hain't it i" Not very clase to the Pole, but in that direction."

An' hes ye uver seed the Noth Pole !"

"No. I never saw it, but I believe there is such a thing."

'An' whar moncht it be ! "

"It mus' be a rantankerous Pole. How ble d'vi and which was visible from the doorway of the tent.

" Larger than ten of that placed one on the other, and epliced at top and bottom." "Jerusalamm t but it ar a pole ! D've know Ps made

out what the yerth has such a thing fur !" "No; why is it?" "Fur steerin't I's bin on the Big Drink (the Missis-

sippi), an'sced how they does it. But, Parson, it upsots what ye see bout the verth bein' round." "Indeed t" exclaimed the Chaplain, laughing.

if the earth isn't round, how is it shaped ?" "Lolke a steambut, for be shore," replied the native. with a gravity so well assumed that, for a time, it deceived even the Parson; "Hain't ye seed them ar big poles at the fore, as they call it, uv the buts on the Big Drink: an' how them fellers at the wheel plumbs thar coorse by 'em. Now, of the yorth hev un' o' them. donn't it nat'rally foller that it's shaped loiks a steambut? An'I knows it ar', 'case I's bin whar I c'ud luck slapdown over the side, right enter the most relarmin'

prpies," #"

'I'd tell ye, but it's a mighty long story."

"Never mind its length, Tom," said the Chaplain, tell it."

"Wall, ye see," said Tom, taking a "swig" at the "Entered according to act of Congress by Samuel Sinclair, in the office of the District South of the Southern District of New York, 1969

gether with a great variety of incidents, aneededes, and reminiscences, adapted to give vivacity and relish to the perusal of the volume. The work is generously emberished with fine steel portraits, and wood cuts of interesting scenes described in the letter-press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. The work is not the arms of soldiers. I will not say what the result of defeat would be selest agreed when the perusal of the volume. The work is generously ember ished with fine steel portraits, and wood cuts of interesting scenes described in the letter-press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter-press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a letter press, and its over now. It was a live of the pathet of the codd he dut to the cond with. The peddler are there in the deed to with. The peddler are the cond of time. The peddler are the cond of the cond

MEW-YORK DAILY TRUTHER THEY WIND

down outer it ter eat up what war left uv my dinner- mightly, but rocke is see ce, jest now; I haint got on'y route and risk the crooks. Agreeing to take charge or for I know'd of I tuck it hum, an' dad seed it, my sup-per'd be breverated jes' so much. Wall, I war jest s swellerin' down the last mostel, when, thinkin' it wer hout time ter be a litching on the beffer I baled rand. for I know'd of I took it hum, an' dad seed it, my sup- three dollars in the wurle." an' whot d'ye epose I seed! Two on the most oncome ye kin hev a clock far yer three dollars. But I wouldn't the Kicafoonee. I got safely over, and, walking on monest, riprogrin' hig cart-abed snakes ye uter hearn | sell 'un ter mary other man for that money, no how," on in all yer berned days, an' they pikein' stret for

"And what is a cart wheel snake ?" I asked.

mall co

fast in everything but-lying."

brush for beddin'."

trump-the very jack of clubs."

emp—the very jack of clubs."

"Thank ye, Parson. I sets high on yer pinion bout yer eye."

"Thank ye, Parson. I sets high on yer pinion bout yerthly use they hed fur the light-'ood. Howsomever, light 'cod, an' all-wer tossin' thar heads, and erackin' onk trees." thar whips, an' moseyin' off for sundown streter nur lightnin over shot from a thunder-cloud. We'd better bleive they traviled. They piked over the roads, an' sot drefful high on har an sho to it. Strapping my clothes to my shoulder with my cush bleive they traviled. They piked over the roads, an' sot drefful high on eats, an' I'd bin a savin up them penders as I had done when I swam the mule, I lowered lightnin uver shot from a thunder-cloud. Ye'd better ahind thet I reckon it haint got thar vit."

"But how did they manage the shufts of the cart all this time ?" I asked. "I should think they would have 'nuff ter gwo no distance in plantin', but bein he war

enught in the bushes."
"Oh, the anakes know'd too much far thet; they turned the eart clean round, an' toted it hind cend them onts ?"

"They were sensible snakes."

"Ye naver said a truer word nur thet, atranger. Wall, as I sot thar, gwine toards sundown at that rechallenge the sympathy of the reader, not so much the county there were 2,337 for Brough, and 363 only Long Tom, whom "the Captain" told the reader larmin rate, with thet bore-constructor sort uv a team. I just hed time ter think, an' sez I ter myself: The "native" gentleman entered the tent with a ye haint much larnin, but ye is a outdactous, dingna-quick, energetic step, and bowing respectfully to the Parson, and giving me a grasp of the hand and a cordial flat noggin sarpunts as these is." I hedn't more'n got

> bove the hoorizon, right afore me, an' not more'n a mile off, with its two horns a stickin' cout, as much as ter cay: "Now, Tom-now's yer chance. Jest guy a long leap; git up yere, an' take a tower clar round creation fur nathin'," I didn't need more'n thet hint, so I squatted on my hannehes for a jump, an' when we'd come within a quarter uv a mile uv the moon I guv a spring. cend uv one uv the horns. The enakes they run out thar tongues, an' spit fire a lettle, but seein' it warn't no use, they turned squar' round, piked back ter the deadnin, and left the eart right whar they found it." " But I thought you said the snakes had a use for the

and seating himself upon it. "I'll show ye how we "Wall, they hed, they kalkerlated on it for cookin' white Christins gurs good for evil one on these days my carcass, but bein's I'd skedaddled, they toted it for I'll 'tend on ye-I'll bury yo' an' I woan't pile back, like honest snakes, as they was." Wall, they hed; they kalkerlated on it fur cookin'

"And then you saw that uncommon presurples? said the Parson.

"Yas, answered Tem. As the moon sailed 'wa pearance. 'He seemed somewhere between 25 and 30, from the yerth, I lucked down; an' Parson, ye'd better and was about six feet three inches high with well-to leive it. I seed a more abvaraller place than ye uver formed limbs, finely developed frame, clear, dark eyes, told on in all yer sarmunts. 'Twar so deep it 'peared ter and a broad, full forehead. His face was open, frank stretch ter the very cend uv creation, an' so dark, yo and manly, and there played about it a mingled expres- moight hev read fine prent in it by the light o' sech a

"And how long did you sit there on the horn of the

" Why, bless ye, stranger, it warn't no horn at all. It war on'y the small send av a church steeple, that ris Wall, stranger, the Capt 'n sea ye'd lolke ter look at ep nineteen mile frum the ground, an' stuck cout jest me; so, I's yere. I's six foot three, without leathers, fur null, fur me to kotch a hold on it as I wus

Then, there are people living in the moon !"

ye gwoes it the talkin', an' not the fightin' way; an' I haint much ter brag on thet way, an' I war a sort o' ye gwoes it the talkin', an' not the fighlin' way; an' I hant much to be good to me more hosspitality gavin us a bad 'pinion on ye, an' brungin' on this war."

every other how. They showed me more hosspitality "I know they have. I blush to think I was born on then I uver 'spect ter see agin; toted me round in a rantankerous big kerridge shaped jest loike a coffin; an' treated me ter mint-juleps 'auff ter flood all creation in

"An', Mister Tom," said the old black whofhad melow, it never done me no good. But whar dy'go listened to the "native's" yarn without moving a muscle of his broad face, which seemed made for grinning. Bein's you's bin dar, will you hab de goodness ter say

whot dem ar dark places am dat we sees in de moon!" "Nigger kentries, Mr. Midnight," replied Tom, "They doan't let darkies 'sociate with promptly. white folks up thar. They hard (herd) 'em all tergether, an' thar's so many on 'em they make the air black as a thunder-cloud, which is the reason why we sees 'um frum yere. An' we'll do the same with ye nigs in this Mr. Brough Received the News of "It 'mought' be here, but it is n't; " I replied, smill wurle when the war ar over. We'll turn yer hull list Election—1818 Views of the Vic- ing. "Boston is the 'hub of the universo'—I reckon race inter South Car'lina, an' I reckon pe'll blacken the eir down thar so lothe durnation that they'll obsarve it 'way off ter the furdrest eend uv the universe, an' see thar's been a reviution down yere that's altered the very face o' the planet."

The black shrugged his shoulders contemptuously as he replied: "Whot feels ye poo' white folk kin make o yerselves. Loike as of Tennessee nigs ad sociate wid dem white trash en' mean chivarly down dar in South Car'lina. You knows better 'n dat-we hain't got so low as dat vit."

"And, Tom," I asked, "how long were you on the moon, and how did you get off "

"I karn't zacily say how long I war thar, case ye se thar hain't no clocks in that planet, nur no Yankees ter make um:" and he looked slyly at me, while the Parson

broke into a broad laugh, saying,
"You owe him one, Mr. ——,"
"I acknowledge the debt," I replied; "but, Tom. can no one but a Yankee make a clock ?"

'ood hams, an' clocks thet woant gwo. They makes nuthin' clse."

"Wall, stranger, I reckon I owes ye one now. I naver

To bout it ?" Yes, but finish the moon story first."

naver got up afore it in all his life—so, when a peddler gion are not over 'fast'—in such respects. We come 'long with a whole wagin'ead uv clocks, he war started, and riding about six miles, came drafful put tout for her one. They was the elebidar to a place called Baranhie one house, and a green road

dead'nin' up that that we wus a clarin' uv timber; so, mayor pay in nuthin but promises, an' for his age, dad
I hisched up the con-brute, an' piked for the mounting' war the most promish many a uver know'd on. Wall, I yards wide, and the current was running 'like time.
I'd wask'd till 'hout a hour by sun, an' hed the cart check heapin' with pane knots an' timber, when I set he ter the peddler: 'Stranger, I'd loike 'un uv them way, to Congress, but I decided to take the direct

bout time ter be a hitchin' up the heffer. I luck'd round, an' bein's I allers kind o' took ter sech folk as ye is, the mule, and breasted the 'swift-flowing waters' of " Wall, dad tuck the clock, and the peddler tuck the meney and mosey'd off."

"Dad set drufful high on thet clock. He took on ever it.

hes a way uv kotchin' its tail in its month-leavin's He got up airlier, an' sot up later then I uver know'd nee, and none of the planters in the vicinity willing to nd out for a enapper, an' erachin' en it, when him afere, jest ter yere it strike, but arter a few days it rick a mule in an attempt to cross it. I was ponder small cond don't be cracks a whip—an then roulin' storped strikin', an nuver struck agin! Dad was sold—the ndage, 'Make haste slowly,' when the thought of itself over the ground loike it wer a cert wheel. Wall, an' sold, too, by a rantankerous Yankee; an' dad a boat occurred to me. I seed them ar two outdeclose vargaunts a comin' outer allers 'counted, (but mind, stranger, I donnt guy this '' 'No one yere 'houts hes one or knows how ter build me, an' sex I termyself: 'Tom, you haint got no fambly - as my 'pinion' that a Yankee or a lectic the measurest one,' soid the planter to whom I made application an' thet's 'maxin' lucky for the fambly-but as a lone critter in all creation. Wall, not more'n a month arter "But, your negro boy here can build a cofiln;" (he was critter, as yer and Sal use ter say uv herself, ye'r gone that, as dad an' I was a wackin' in the corn patch 'un just driving the last nail into a monstrous large one.) up, sartin'. An' I thert I war, but the Lord know'd day, who shad come long the road but the Yankne ped- 'If he can do that, he can build a boat; I'll sh better, for He seed this war was a cummin', an' be know'd I'd be uv some use in gavin' the Rebels—
brimston. Ye sees, Parcon. I's alarmin' ter leave out the
Yenkee! Now, ef I dean't strike better time on his more'n a coffin." neggin then his diagnation clocks over struck in all "Well, this is mightly like a boat; what will you "Yes, I see," said the Chaplain, "you're improving thar lives, I'll pike stret for kingdom-come, of I has ter take for it?" gwo afeet." Bilin' with wrath, dad moseyed for the ped- "The old 'coman orter to be buried ter-day-the fact "Lyin'," echoed Tom, in an injured tone, "I nuver dier; bet he hedn't more'n get inside 'o hearin', hed in all my borned days-'cept ter Stun River; an' the Yarkee bawled out, "I say, Mister, ye's got a clock ye want it right bad, I reckon ye kin have it fur five I ther lied for two all fired long nights-in the mud up as blongs ter me. It weart gwo, 'an I want's ter get it, dollars.' (It was worth about fifty cents.) ter my knees. Ye scaped that sin, Parson, case ye had an' gav yo un' as wull gwo. I hed jest 'un bad one in the lot, an' l'ad bin a sarchin' fur it 'mong nigh outer a hun'red "And I had you to thank for it. Tem, you ere a folks I's sold clocks ter, an haint found it yit, so yo mus'

That mellored dad ter onst, an' ter own the truth, it averything cout heas flesh; but in thet, I does nistagin the Captain—that ye donnt know a mule frum a gav use a sert o' good 'pinion uv the Yankee. Wall, divested myself of my clothing, to be able to swim more pile o' wood. But 'bout them snakes. They come stret at dad an' he swopped clocks, an' the peddler stayed ter freely in case of 'shipwreek,' and 'launched my berk me, an luckin me squar in the eye fur a minnet, licked dinner—an the old man adat take a red fur t, he war on the Muchalee. I got on 'swimmingly' ther big Jaws with thar forked tongues, as much as ter so taken with him. As he was a gwine ter leave, the reached the middle of the creek; then, the current say: 'Ye'll make a right nice mossel, ye wull, an' then peddler ope'd the hind cend uv his wagin, an' tabin' caught the coffin, and carried me at least two miles hiled tharselves right tight round the cartwheels. I didn't out a peck measure, heapin' full uv whot 'peared the down the run to where a jutting bank had made a strong 'spicion whot they was a gwine 'bout, for, 'lowin' I'd tallest outs thet uver grow'd, he sex to me, sex he: eddy in the stream. Floating into this whirlpool, the make a right smart meal fur um, I did a't see whot "Tom, ye an'yer farder hes bin marin clover ter me, coffin began sailing round, and kept on sailan' I nurer loikes ter be obligated ter no body, so yere's ing round and round for a full hour despite the united they know'd best, an' in less time nur it takes ter tell it, some o' the finest plantin' oats ye uver know'd on; take efforts of the pole and myself to extricate it. Night they'd hitched up, an', with the hull apparitus-cart, 'um; they'll grow ye a monstrous tall crop, as big as was coming on, and staying there after dark was a thing

through the clarin's, buckletewhit, splittin' the a'r clean in two, an leavin's torrado we kotched up with so fur har private catin'. So, when I seed them cats o' the after desperate effort, and once or twice giving myself peddler's they filled my eye, looke the camel filled the up for lost, reached the land." eye of the needle in Scriptur. He hedn't guy'n me so gen'rous loike. I couldn't ax him ter guv more, so ses tor him: "Etranger, wouldn't ye sell a bushel o'

> "Wall, Tom," he sez: "Bein's it's ye, an' ye an' yer I'd sell ye the raole on 'um, fur the fact or they's too a-Yankee, an' some recken one 'bout the same as bearty loike for my hoss; ye see the feller's got a sort tother." o' weak stomech, an' can't 'gest 'um. I guess thar's nigh on ter five bushel, an' bein's they haint uv no use ter me, ye shall her the whole on 'um fur them ar two del- Yankee to boot. However, thestory is true." lars o'yourn." Now, Ifigger'd on my fingers, an' found thet warn't more'n forty cents a bushel; an' oats, seeh parson. as war raised in our diggins, an' they warn't no way nigh so nice as them-went for sixty, so ye kin recken the end of seven days from setting out, and found I tuck 'um, an' ye mought b'lieve it rained big h'essin's Cabell quietly picking his teeth on the porch of the hotel. on that peddler bout the time he druv off. He'd aftered He had been there just long enough to eat his dinner; my 'pinten o' the Yanks 'pletely, an' I tole him he orier so, you see, 'the longest way round is the shortest way make hisself inter a wild munag'ree, on' travil the whole to Congress,' after all." Suthin kentry, jest ter show folk what the Yankees ranly is; for I know'd of he done it they'd swep that 'pin- me or 'un we had oust in Pladsoc, what"ions jest as I hed, an' thet ye know would do a mighty heap to'ards perpertratin' the Union. an' kivered 'um up keerful in the cockloft; but, feelin' thor't I'd guy the mer a sort o' Christmus dinner o' the not feel that we are wasting on idle tales time and peck measure full. I put um afere her, an' she smelled thought that should be given to our country. on 'um ravernous mad for a mignet, but then she turned up her nose, an' wouldn't luck at 'nm agin."

"She found them too hearty loike. I suppose," I

sold, restraining a strong inclination to laugh. "I 'spose she did, an' I reckon they would hev bin ranther hard o' gestion, for they was shor reas !"

" Shoe pegs " "Yas, shee-pegs! The durnation Yankee hed a

Amid the general laugh which ersued, I saked: "And how about the clock ! how did that turn out !" "Two was nor 'tother-it naver struck oust."

It takes a smart one to get a head of you, Tom," " He didn't git ahead uv me," replied Tom with comic indignation. "I was three dollers inter him when I Haven colony was planted. There Mr. Youngs "gathered got shut o' them cats. Ye sees, I toted 'umter Pikeville, an' sold 'am fur whot they ranky wus-shoe pegsan gut ave dellars fur the lot. The peddler mought hev done it, of he could on hev brought his mind to act of which, where they landed, is still called "Hallock's honest, but he'd ruther cheat fur half price, nur trade Neck." Peter Hallock settled near Mattituck, where fa'r far full pay. An' thet's the sort o' Yankee ye've his descendants have lived for eight generations till the sent 'mong us, stranger. They's done a heap tourds present time, and where Dea. Jabes spent his earlies

the same planet with some of them. But, Tom. Gen. Hallock's great grandfather, Major Peter Hallock, about getting down from the moon. How did you do who died 1791, and of the General's great, grandthat ?

"Why," replied Too, with a sang freid that was perfeetly inimitable, "I jest waited till the moon come 1840. round to the yerth agin, an' when it got 'hout over dad's dead'nin', I let myself drap, an' landed squar in the Thomas, Peter, William and John, from whom all the yam-patch, sound as ye sees me. I moseyed fur branches of the Hallock family in this country home, an' told dad whar I'd bin; an' dad descended one of whom, John Hallock, married inte sez ter me, sez he: "Bully fur ye, Tom; yer a and joined the Society of Friends. He settled in Setanrail chip of the old block; ye kin travil or spin a yarn nigh up ter yer fader, an' thet 's sayin' a heap.' An' it counties bordering on the Hudson River, who are lovers war sayin' a heap, for dad could lie loike a person." After the merriment which followed Tom's stories had

subsided, I said to him: " Speaking of riding round the moon in that kerrig

I was coming from Florida with Edward C. Cabell, the Confederate General who is now giving used Cabell, the Confederate General who is now giving used much trouble in Arkaneas. It had reined very hard all call, he was not to attract attention anywhere, he was day, and when, at dark, we reached Albany—a little town in South-Western Georgia—we found the Flint River risen twenty-five feet. It poured down all of the most temperate kind. Until within two or three calls and impearing in his personal appearance; he passessed a constitution which seemed capable of any amount of rendy-more and the river respect were amount of rendy-more and distance many analysis. River risen twenty-five feet. It poured down all that night, and in the morning we learned that the stage, which was to have taken us to Oglethorpe—the terminus of the Savannah Railroad-had not arrived, and that the "No 'uns but them kin make 'coden nutmegs, bars- bridges over all the streams for miles around had been swopt away by the freshet. This was unpicasant news to both of us, for Cabell was anxious to be in "That may be true; my good fellow, but they make | ton at the opening of Congress (of which he was a mem them expressly for the Southern market. No other peo- ber), and important business demanded my immediate attention in Savannah. Crossing the streams we supposed to be impossible; so we determined to take a horse, buggy, and negro driver, and attempt to head them in Amid the general laugh which followed, I asked:

"And how did you get a sight at that 'relarmin' pressor as yo is, fur he sold dad a clock. Shill I tell the up-country. We would have to ride nearly two hundred miles over rough roads, when it was only fifty to the railroad by the direct route; but that we thought "It haint a minnet long, an' I kin cend the moen in a better than waiting a fortnight in so desolate a jiffon. Ye see, dad hed nary clock, an' couldn't tell place as Albany. It would be all of that time before when the sun riz-he hed a great reespect fur the sun, the bridges were repaired, for 'people in that re-

about a mile, came upon a planter, who kindly gave me 'a lift' to the Relay Station of the Stage Company. Of them I secured a conveyance to the Muckalos, another creek about three miles beyond Starksville. Arriving "Why, it ar a surport bort twelve foot long, their for all the worle, jest like a chile over a new playthin, there, I found it as swollen and furious as the Kicafoo

fore or she's bin 'bove ground too long aready-but of

". How deep is the stream?" ""Bout ten foot at the deepest."

"Well give me some tar, and a long pole, and the

"Cartking the coffin with tar and some strips of old bagging, and nailing a cleat across its middle for a ceat, I not to be thought of. I was not more than a hun-Now ye see, I had a four year old mar I'd a raised up dred feet from shore, so I resolved to attempt swimming

> " An' whot 'come on the coffin ?" asked Tom. "I don't know. It may be there yet."

> "I reckon it ar," he replied, dryly. "Then you don't believe the story."

"Wall, stranger, I kin gwo it all 'cept'the swimmir The man as 'tempts ter swim one o' them runs farder is seeh monstrus clever folk, I donn't know but when they's up, ar uther a rantankerous foel es

"Well, Tom, I know when I was whirling about in that coffin that I was a rantankerous fool and .

"And how did Cabell get through ?" inquired the

"After various other mishops, I reached Oglethorpe at

"'Ludin' ter freshets, strenger," said Tom, "'n

But the other stories that Tom told, while they might Wall. further illustrate the broad, native humer of the South, arter he war gone. I tuck the five bushel inter the house and that spirit of exaggeration which is so important in it, and in the Southern character, will they not keep mighty genrous loike, on 'count av my big bargin, I till the war is over, when you and I, reader, may

Death of Gen. Halleck's Grandfather.

Jabez Halleck, in his one hundred and third year, grandfather of our General-in-Chief, died in Westraville, Oneida County, N. Y., Sept. 17. About the year 1800, he left the home of his ancestors in Long Ialland and settled in Westernvile, where, in 1818, he assisted in organizing a church, of which he was an officer scowrn the bull deestrict, an' found no an green 'nuff forty-five years till his death, having outlived all its

early settlers. He was born on the old Hallock homestead two miles west of Mattituck Village on the north-eastern branch of Long Island. His first ancester in this country Well that Yankee was smart," said the Captain. Peter Hallock, one of thirteen pilgrim fathers, including the Rev. John Youngs, who came over in 1640, and landed at New-Haven, only two years after the Newhis church anew" under the suspices the Roy. John Davenport and Gov. Eaton, and the little church took years. In the center of the old Mattituck Cemeters may now be found the moss-covered grave-stones of father. Peter Hellock, who died in 1756, and was s great grandson of Peter who landed at Southhold is

This first Peter had an only son and four grands

teristics of the Society of Friends. In the funeral solemnities of Deacon Jabes, his pastor the Rev. Mr. Parmelee, stated the following facts:

"Epeaking of riding round the moon in that kerrige so like a coffin, reminds me of once traveling in a coffin myself."

"An' how wus it, stranger," asked Tem; "Dye b'lieve ye kin tell a bigger stery than that about the moon?"

"Not a bigger one, but one a little—truer."

"Ef ye kin come ony nigher the truth then thet and thit it, I'd loike ter hev ye."

"Well, I'll try, but I shall hit it—a thing I veckon you celdon do. It was late in November, tweive years ago.
I was coming from Florida with Edward C. Cabell, the Confederate General who is now giving useo

mest temperate kind. Only within two or three he has nimest daily performed some manual labor, as able to walk about the house almost to the day death.

The strength of his physical frame was an index of

"The strength of his physical frame was an index of the strength of his character. This was made of the most soid maternils. Great decision, firmness end resolution were its prominent elements. It cannot be doubted that with a thorough education in early life he would have exerted a wide influence in the world. His mental powers were remarkably preserved to him, almost to the end of his life.

"The traits of his natural character were especially prominent in his religious his, His religious feelings were very strong and uniform, and his religious principles were of the Puritan stamp. He was not one to be certical about with every wind of doctrine. What he believed to be truth, he believed with all his heart, and no power on earth could move him from his position. He was noalous for God and His Church, and could look upon wrong-doing with no feeling of charity or approbation. He was an efficient member of the church, and an earnest supporter of all its ordinances, so long as he

an earnest supporter of all its ordinances, so long us he was an efficient member of the church, and an earnest supporter of all its ordinances, so long us he was able to take part in the active duties of life."

[A part of the above facts are drawn from a late trief shetch of the Hallock ancestry, which relatives interested may obtain from Dr. Hallock, Track House, Ho. 139 Reseas at real.